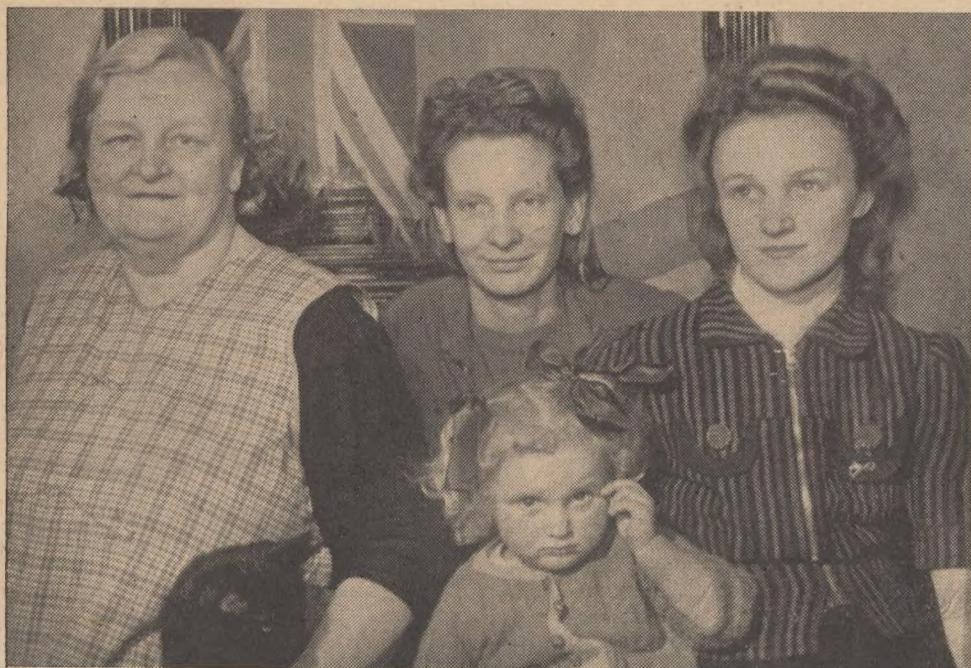


# Good Morning 603

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Lindy Agrees to Pose for Uncle Derek Head



DO you remember Joe at the Old Oak, P.O. Derek Head? Your mother told us she thought you would when we called at 66 Craigdale Road, Romford, and, knowing something about submariners, we agreed with her.

At the time we called, she was at home with Daphne, Molly and young Lindy, and we must say we found it very hard to please your young niece. She didn't like us taking her photo, but we told her it was for Uncle Derek, and that helped a little.

Staff photographer "Fuse" Wilson is luckily the perfect "uncle" to all kiddies, and he succeeded in getting some amusing shots of Lindy. We've printed them on to-day's back page for you, Derek.

We were glad to hear from your mother that your wife is keeping very well in Scot-

land, and so are Gladys and Valerie. Brother Dennis is enjoying life on the destroyers, and Douglas, Donald and Desmond are all well.

Dorothy and Daisy are in the best of health, and, as you can see from the picture, there is nothing wrong with Daphne. She, by the way, apologises for having just washed her hair, but blames us for calling at the wrong time. It's all right, Derek, we can take it.

You may or may not be surprised to hear that Dennis has gone and got himself engaged to Rita, and Mother hopes that at last he will settle down!

Until you're back home again (with your paintings), the whole family, including Tim the cat and Sweet the canary, send you their best wishes.

## THESE MEN TELL NO HARD-LUCK STORIES

RACEHORSES, in my opinion, are both born and made. Good bloodstock and breeding can produce dependable results, but if horses were subsequently run without training, the Sport of Kings would be erratic indeed.

The trainers are fundamentally the men who have made the Turf what it is, and the fame of such stables as Manton, and the various Newmarket establishments, has rightly echoed around the world.

Come with me, mounted on a war-time hack, around Newmarket Heath, and glimpse the colour and romance masked by the red brick and ivy of the old buildings. Walking round on the Severals, the patch of grass near the Clock

Tower, you may see a handsome string, probably belonging to Basil or Jack Jarvis.

The Jarvis brothers between them netted nearly £20,000 in prizes last year.

One recalls the Jarvis-trained Derby winner of 1943, and how he compensated Lord Rosebery for innumerable war-time disappointments.

Yet, if you want the inside story, so little was thought of Ocean Swell's prospects that Eph Smith, the stable jockey, was allowed to make other plans. He chose the Aga Khan's Tehran—and Nevett on Ocean Swell beat Tehran by a neck.

Then there was the amazing St. Leger sequel. This time Eph was riding Ocean Swell, and Jack Jarvis, convinced that his horse had come on a lot, was sure of a victory. He had to cope with Richards on Tehran, and Wragg on Borealis; and at the last moment the Oaks winner, Hycilla, became firm betting favourite.

It was certainly an exciting race, especially when Gordon Richards let Tehran go as they rounded the rails two furlongs from the finish.

Ocean Swell had come on, but Tehran had clearly come on a lot more—and took the last classic.

There were no hard luck stories, and yet Jack Jarvis must have keenly felt the fact that Tehran was trained by Butters. These two seem to have equal skill and judgment, and they have been quiet rivals for many years.

### I BID, YOU BID.

The "feud" was typified in Tattersall's ring at the last Newmarket bloodstock sales. A slip on the part of Major Deane is about as rare as a classic dead-

heat, but something certainly went wrong when he knocked down Jacob's Ladder to Mr. Butters for 8,000 guineas.

"But I made that bid," said Jack Jarvis, standing just in front of Frank Butters.

"The horse is mine," said Butters.

The crowd was tense as the auctioneer reminded them that a disputed lot would have to be re-sold.

Then Jarvis immediately bid another £1,000. This time he got the horse.

But let us continue our ride. Here is Freemason Lodge, where Hycilla was trained last year by Captain C. Boyd-Rochfort, reputedly another £10,000-a-year man. She may have proved a St. Leger also-ran, but she made amends by winning the Champion Stakes a few days later.

Captain Boyd-Rochfort has admittedly been lucky in his patrons. Mr. Woodward, the U.S. millionaire, owned Hycilla, and Joe Widener, Jock Whitney and Marshall Field have been others on his books. Yet he began as a learner at Newmarket and has worked his way through.

In the middle of the triangle known as the Limekilns, perhaps the best galloping ground in the world, we may find the Hon. Mr. George Lambton, schooled at Eton, a man who gives the lie to that adjective "horsey."

A brilliant man to hounds, a good shot, at one time a leading amateur steeplechase jockey, he can boast that he has trained winners for nearly every race in England.

Hyperion was one of his, and you may recall how this wonder horse once flashed round the Derby course in a record win of 2 minutes 34 seconds.

It is pleasant to talk of his successes, but let me mention his outstanding failure. He once wanted to win the Grand National with himself in the saddle. He completed the course six or seven times—a notable feat in itself—but the win always eluded him.

### DORIGEN'S RACE.

Let me mention his Dorigen, a mare whom he regarded as one of his biggest wins. Few people manoeuvre into account, I wonder, backed her as fit enough to win in weighing up his certainty the Lincoln one year, but Lambton about Dorigen? She scooped the maintained against all comers mile with ease!

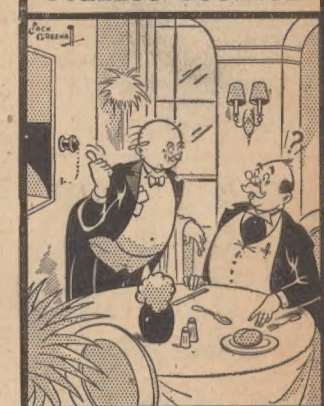
The men who have made the Sport of Kings what it is to-day, are the trainers, and here

R. A. KEMP takes you to Newmarket to meet some of them and their stable jockeys

that she would be fit enough for the feat.

It was the strangest Lincolnshire Handicap I have ever seen. Two days previously racing had been abandoned owing to flooding on the course, but it was declared acceptable on Lincoln day.

### USELESS EUSTACE



"Well, I call that real sporty, don't you, sir? Only one steak pie left, and the chef says he's willing to toss you for it!"

The horses were almost anchored in muck so muddy was one large tract of the course.

In an attempt to avoid this bad patch and prevent accidents most of the jockeys took their horses to one side. There were twenty-eight runners, and the sight of the bunch making first one massed movement across the course, and then back again to the side opposite the stands, was unforgettable.

Did Lambton take this of his biggest wins. Few people manoeuvre into account, I wonder, backed her as fit enough to win in weighing up his certainty the Lincoln one year, but Lambton about Dorigen? She scooped the maintained against all comers mile with ease!

## Weddings were Fun in those Days

WEDDINGS are dull affairs compared with the good old days. True, you can throw rice or confetti at the happy pair (not even that in wartime) and you can tie an old shoe at the back of their car.

But how much more pleasurable it must have been at an old-time wedding, to have seen the father of the bride pass one of her shoes to the bridegroom for him to hit her over the head with it as a sign of his authority over her.

In those days the bride had to promise "to be buxom and bonny" to her husband—whatever that might mean. And, in return, the husband was bound by oath to use his wife well—whatever that might mean. But he had the whip hand.

He was allowed by custom to "bestow on his wife moderate castigation." A lot of domestic trouble was caused by the husband and the wife disagreeing on the term "moderate." An old Welsh law held that three blows

with a broomstick on any part of the wife's anatomy, except the head, was "a fair allowance."

Most weddings were an excuse for a noisy festival, but the bride and bridegroom got more noise than they liked if the marriage was not acceptable. Then, the villagers would greet the wedding procession to the altar with beating on bells, saucepans and frying-pans.

In the seventeenth century it was customary for the bride and bridegroom to be accompanied to their bedroom by the wedding party, and the bride's garters would be cut into bits for distribution to the men guests.

They had queerer customs in other lands. In Sweden a wedding often ended in a fight and the abduction of the bride. This was because the Scandinavian warriors thought it beneath their dignity to woo. So they waited until some other chap was on his way to church with the girl, and then, with their

followers, would fall on the party and carry the bride off.

Testy fellows, these old warriors. It was not unknown for the bride to be handed a sword, an axe, and a shield to defend herself, if necessary, against her future husband's blows.

On the shores of the Caspian, the bride had to cut off her flowing hair on the night before her marriage. In Armenia, the girl had blue flowers painted all over her neck and breasts, her eyebrows dyed black and her nails painted orange.

In Korea, the bridegroom does not see his wife until two days after the wedding. When they are married, their eyelids are gummed up.

In one part of Africa, the prospective bridegroom had to spend a night in bed with his prospective bride. It was a test of endurance. If he so much as kissed her little finger it was spears at dawn for him.

But perhaps the best marriage custom of all time

is one they have in New Guinea. It is one of the vital parts of the ceremony that the prospective mother-in-law is shot in the leg with an arrow.

Everyone simply screams with laughter.

D. N. K. BAGNALL.

### ALEX CRACK

On arriving home, Father found a franc in his small change, so he went out to do a little shopping, taking Herbert, aged five, with him.

He went to the grocer's, and the grocer, looking at the franc, said with an air of surprise, "Why, that's a franc!"

He went to the chemist, and the chemist said, regretfully that the coin in Father's hand was of foreign extraction and unfortunately useless to him.

"Good heavens, so it is!" exclaimed Father. "I wonder where I got that?"

"Don't you know, Dad?" said Herbert. "That's the one you showed the grocer!"

## This News is Good News for E.R.A.

### Hugh Gibson

BEING in the Glasgow, W.I. area, "Good Morning" representatives made foot to No. 1, Byres Road, and there met a submariner's parents, who were delighted to hand over news for their son, E.R.A. Hugh Gibson.

Mr. Gibson, it was quite clear, is very proud of his son, and is looking forward to the time when he will be home again—one of the family.

Your father took us inside, Hugh, and showed us the picture of your girl friend, which was certainly interesting, to say the least.

From Betty Watts, at 32, Farm Street Barrow-in-Furness, comes the news that everyone there is well, and the same can be said of Sandy, Cathie, George, Peggy and the children.

Nora and Noreen have both visited your home recently, and your old pal John Findlay wishes us to remember him to you.

As for your Mother and Father, Hugh, they both send you their greetings and are praying for your safe return but this you know.



We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# LANDING IS EASY FOR LAME DUCKS

Says Air Correspondent  
**PETER VINCENT**

NEWLY constructed R.A.F. Emergency Landing Grounds give lame duck bombers a good chance of landing safely and in one piece. A staff of specially trained Controllers is on hand to guide in pilots with shot-up aircraft and advise them how best to handle their damaged machines.

Landing strips more than twice as long as ordinary ones (4,500 yards instead of 2,000 yards), are available at these airfields and greatly increase the chances of landing damaged planes successfully.

To the weary pilot of a disabled bomber they are lovelier than the gardens of Babylon.

G for George is coming back after a busy night over Dusseldorf. It's still dark and the crew are a bit tired. The target was well plastered, but on the way back, G for George ran into a lot of flak, which caused severe damage to the flaps and hydraulic system, and put port No. 2 out for good.

As they cross the coast the captain realises that he'll never

get G for George down on any ordinary airfield. In a similar predicament earlier in the war, the captain would have either had to head George towards the Atlantic and bale out into the drink, or risk a crash landing somewhere. But not nowadays. G for George heads for the nearest of the new Emergency Landing Grounds.

Spotters have warned the E.L.G. Controllers of his approach. The captain explains to the Controllers the nature of the damage as he approaches.

He is instantly advised how best to land a bomber with that particular damage. He is coaxed in, and makes a safe landing.

These E.L.G.'s were built and designed by Bomber Command for two main reasons. First, to diminish the number of aircraft

5. When was the Atlantic Charter signed?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Camel, Squirrel, Sable, Hog, Cat.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 602

1. Animal's wind-pipe.
2. Leather.
3. Linen-drapeer.
4. The inhabitants were once said to live by exporting wooden nutmegs.
5. A weak, spiritless creature.
6. Doxology is a hymn of praise; others are sciences.

which become permanently U.S. at Arnhem, one station had a very landed on the airfield. Within the next hour, five Dakotas, a Stirling, and four Liberators came in and First, two gliders, whose tow ropes had been broken, crash-arrived and did an "A La Belly"

All E.L.G.'s are near to the coast so as to be in easy reach of returning aircraft. They have three runways, one being left clear for machines in such distress that they can't even warn the station of their arrival.

There are three crash tenders in attendance, with units of the National Fire Service in reserve during large scale operations. There is a fully equipped medical unit at every station.

Aircrews are medically examined after a crash and interrogated if unharmed. These on-the-spot interrogations help find the cause of the crash while all details are still fresh in the minds of the crew.

Special salvage crews can clear up any wreckage within 15 minutes of the crash.

Speed is essential in order to "keep the deck clear" for other aircraft. Some nearly miraculous landings have taken place at these fields.

In one instance a Halifax Bomber landed itself on the Emergency runway after its crew had baled out!

Whenever the alarm sounds, fire engines, salvage crews and ambulances rush to the spot. Sometimes its only a fighter with a tail-wheel shot off—but often the landing plane is in a far more tragic condition.

During the airborne landings

landing. It skidded across the runways and burst into flames.

While three fire tenders were fighting the blaze, four more Liberators came in, and a fifth one, with only one wheel down, landed and swung right across the drome in a wide arc.

Next came a call from the pilot of a Lockheed Ventura. He couldn't use his flaps or brakes, and on landing, overshot the field and finished up in a hedge. Yet another Liberator, with smoke pouring from both port engines and the R/T useless, did a quick landing just as another Ventura came in too fast, and landed on its nose, doing a complete cart-wheel!

The crew got out, one by one, with only scraped knuckles and one broken leg to show for it!

During the whole of this remarkable day, 19 aircraft and two gliders landed on this airfield.

Since its construction, this E.L.G. alone has to date dealt with 1,179 R.A.F. aircraft and 1,227 U.S.A.A.F. aircraft. Most of these were repairable and ultimately flew again.

The pilots' opinion of E.L.G.'s is expressed by the fighter pilot who had just brought in his rather reluctant Mozzie (Mosquito).

He said, "These new runways certainly are good. Why, there's even enough room for this son-of-a-bitch to make up his mind and land, first try."

If that's so, they must be good.

## ALEX CRACK

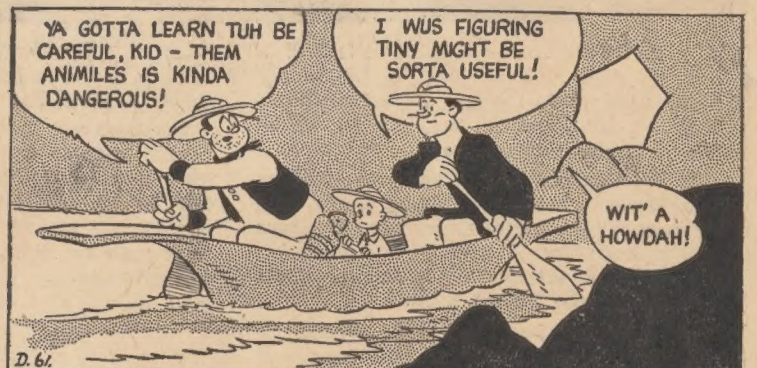
"Why don't you get married?"

"Because divorce is too expensive."

## QUIZ for today

1. Tombac is an Indian war-cry, kind of tobacco, alloy, drink, waterproof material?
2. What is the most southerly first-magnitude star visible in Britain?
3. Who were the two principal persons at the Field of the Cloth of Gold?
4. How many balls are used in croquet?

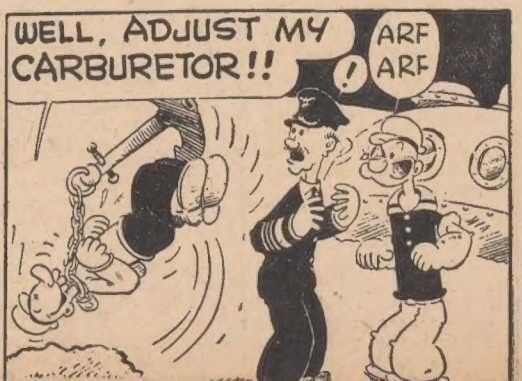
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



BETWEEN Cardiff and Penarth, its seaside suburb, stands the ancient toll gate, a white-painted "hold-up" where for generations coaches, buses, cycles and cars have been made to "stand and deliver" a toll of 3d. a wheel.

The road is owned by the Lords Bute and Plymouth Estates.

For many years there has been strong public feeling against this relic of feudalism, one of the few remaining toll gates in Britain.



CARDIFF Corporation has paid as much as £2,000 a year for its buses to pass through. Many efforts have been made by local authorities to buy out the owners, but so far all have failed. A new move is now in progress. Cardiff and Penarth Councils have seen the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of War Transport over the matter, and the Government has now agreed to consider proposals for the public ownership of the road, which would mean that the toll would be abolished. During the war, motorists who have refused to pay toll have been taken to court and been awarded imprisonment for refusing to pay fines. But no one has actually been jailed. During the war, even, a funeral cortege of an ex-Serviceman was actually pulled up and made to pay toll. Soon it will be good-bye to all that, we hope.



WHEN L.-Cpl. Leo Miller, serving with the B.L.A., was being shown a family photo album in his Belgian billet by his hostess and her daughter, he was staggered to come across a snap of himself, taken nine years ago when he was at school in Plymouth.

The girl said it had been sent her by a "pen pal" in England with whom she had been corresponding when a schoolgirl at Toulouse.

The "pal" was Leo all right; and a good time was had by both.



# WANGLING WORDS—542

1. Behead a famous writer and get a fruit.
2. In the following proverb, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—*Het cesua nerugh steb si.*
3. In the following, the two missing words contain the same letters in different order: If you go to the pictures, please — with you.
4. What town in India has NAR as the exact middle of its name?

## Answers to Wangling Words— No. 541

1. F-owl.
2. Fortune favours the brave.
3. Now won.
4. PreTOria.

JANE

# Chirrup—The Call of Spring has Sounded

JESSE is one of those fellows who still stick to the antiquated belief that birds begin to pair on St. Valentine's Day.

He will have it that no matter what kind of weather is abroad, there's a noticeable stirring amongst his feathered friends.

Of course, Jesse is a simple old soul with little schooling, and never learned that Chaucer was to blame for starting the erroneous notion about birds picking out their true loves on St. Valentine's Day.

But Jesse, though he never heard of Chaucer, and probably thinks all poets are half-wits, is full of the poetry of living things.

And as he "fenced" his way around the cow pasture yesterday he was moved by the rhythm of his friends upholding St. Valentine's Day.

First a pair of magpies come chattering away into a thorn-tree along the hedge, "he" diving, curving and flitting around, as though un-

able to settle anywhere; "she" emitting an occasional chuckle at the foolishness of her pursuer.

Then he, too, settles in the tree, jerks his tail up and down, opens it out like a fan, and hops sideways towards his lady friend.

Off she goes, making a switchback flight to the ash tree further along, and after her goes her mate—screaming and laughing.

So they carry on, in and out of the branches, from thorn to ash, and ash to thorn, and doesn't "she" enjoy leading him on!

"Oh, you're a fine bird," says Jesse, as the male spreads out his feathers, "but she ain't goin' as cheap as that!" And so he left them.

Next come three rooks slowly planing from out of the wood,

to settle down on the grass.

They're ungainly birds as a rule, as they waddle over the ground, but this morning two of them have quite a sprightly walk, while their coats have a new gloss in the February sunshine.

These two try to outdo each other in gaining the attention of a third party, who, indifferent to their posturings, is dissecting a piece of dried cowdung in anticipation of beetles.

The two gallants decide to fight it out. They circle over each other for about half a minute without much effect, and return again to the lady.

She lifts her head at their approach, listens patiently to their joint protestations, then makes a neat little curtsy, and flies away with slowly beating wings.

And so Jesse worked his way

around the hedges until he came to the corner next the wood.

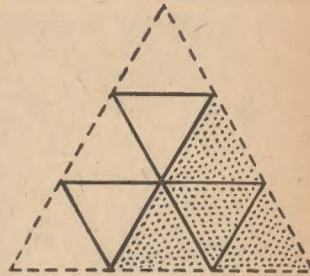
In summer time this corner is hidden under a bed of nettles, but on this February morning, exposed to the eye of any passer-by, Jesse saw a ball of spikes.

"Hedgehog!" he said in surprise. Then, "This spell o' mild weather woke yer up, eh? Well, it's St. Valentine's, and when you've had a few good meals to make up for yer winter's fasting, no doubt the missus'll be knocking around again."

FRED KITCHEN.

## PUZZLE CORNER

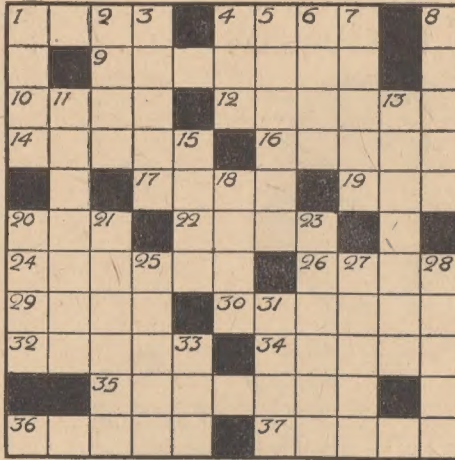
Answer to Triangle Puzzle in No. 602.



There are nine small triangles, three the size of the shaded area, and one the size of the whole figure.

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

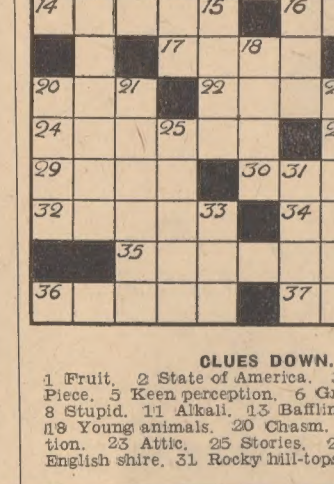


- 1 Ass.
- 4 Fish.
- 9 Bean.
- 10 Way of walking.
- 12 Soup dish.
- 14 Country costume.
- 16 Tea and supper.
- 17 Fish.
- 19 Proper.
- 20 Obtained.
- 22 Fish.
- 24 Wed.
- 26 Dry.
- 29 Peruvian capital.
- 30 Tried hard.
- 32 Untrue tale.
- 34 Sequence.
- 35 Sports official.
- 36 Box.
- 37 Yarn.

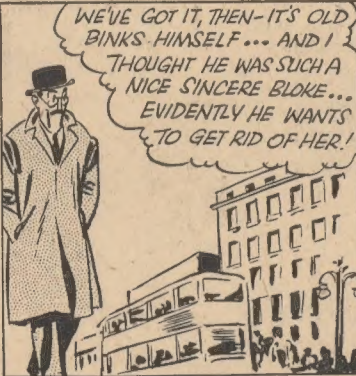
GIG MIDRIFF  
ANIMATE MOO  
SCRIP CADER  
ILL DIGEST  
ST DEADEN U  
PER PIE DEN  
E AVERSE RE  
NOTARY BIN  
CLING BOXES  
EGO NOURISH  
RANKERS ATE

CLUES DOWN.

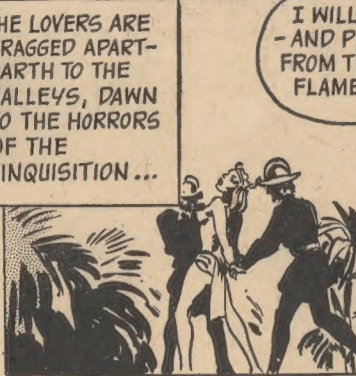
- 1 Fruit.
- 2 State of America.
- 3 Spring lock.
- 4 Piece.
- 5 Keen perception.
- 6 Grievous.
- 7 Place.
- 8 Stupid.
- 11 Alkali.
- 13 Baffling.
- 15 Vegetable.
- 18 Young animals.
- 20 Chasm.
- 21 Sound vibration.
- 23 Attic.
- 25 Stories.
- 27 Round-up.
- 28 English shire.
- 31 Rocky hill-tops.
- 33 Newt.



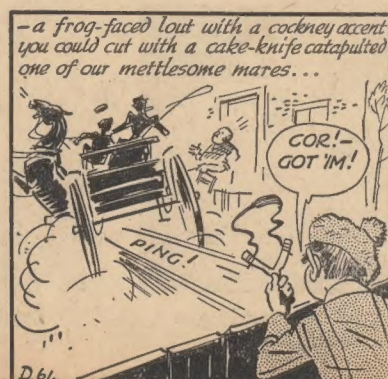
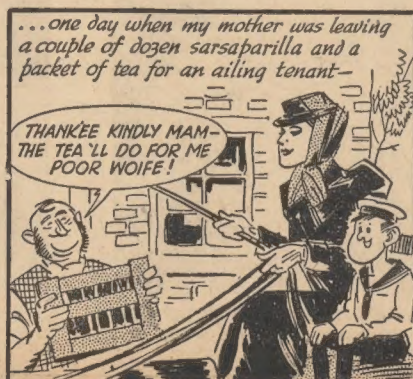
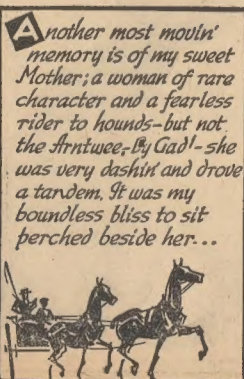
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## TRUE OR FALSE

### Every Dog can have One Bite

THERE is a popular saying that every dog is entitled to his bite, meaning in effect that his owner is not liable on the first occasion a dog bites.

Like most statements dealing with the law, it is over-simplified and is both true and false! The law relating to dogs would fill a volume by itself, but the position in essence is this.

In Common Law the owner of a dog which is a domestic animal is not liable for an act it may do which is not its "nature" to do.

It is not the "nature" of a dog to bite postmen, and therefore basically the owner of the dog would not be considered liable.

But—as always!—there is an exception. The owner is liable if he knows that the dog likes biting, or has a "vicious propensity," as it is rather pompously put.

This knowledge is assumed if the dog has already bitten someone or something and the owner is aware of it. The owner has, so to speak, been warned by the dog's previous behaviour of its real nature.

The popular saying is, therefore, true in the sense that if a dog has always been meek and mild and never appeared a danger, he might get his bite "free."

But here again there are snags for the owner. If it is not a human being that the dog bites, but any farm animal or poultry, the owner is liable even if it is a first bite. Or again, if the owner encourages the dog to bite or chase by saying "Go, get 'em," or whatever it may be, the bite may not be free.

And if he has up a notice, "Beware of the Dog," it might be taken he knew the true nature of his dog, even though it hadn't yet had a "free" bite.

On the other hand, if the dog has his second bite on a trespasser, the owner is not liable. It will be seen that, as with most laws, there are plenty of "ifs" and "buts," and the safest thing is not to let a dog bite at all!

J. M. Michaelson

### Alex Cracks

The visitor was astonished to see a magnificent bull tethered to a plough on a Cornish farm and laboriously towing it round a field.

"Why, in this modern age," he asked the farmer, "do you employ such a fine bull in so primitive a fashion?"

"That ther bull," replied the farmer, "be my premium stud bull, and once a year I larns 'im that life ain't just one round of pleasure."



# Good Morning

COUPON  
CRISIS



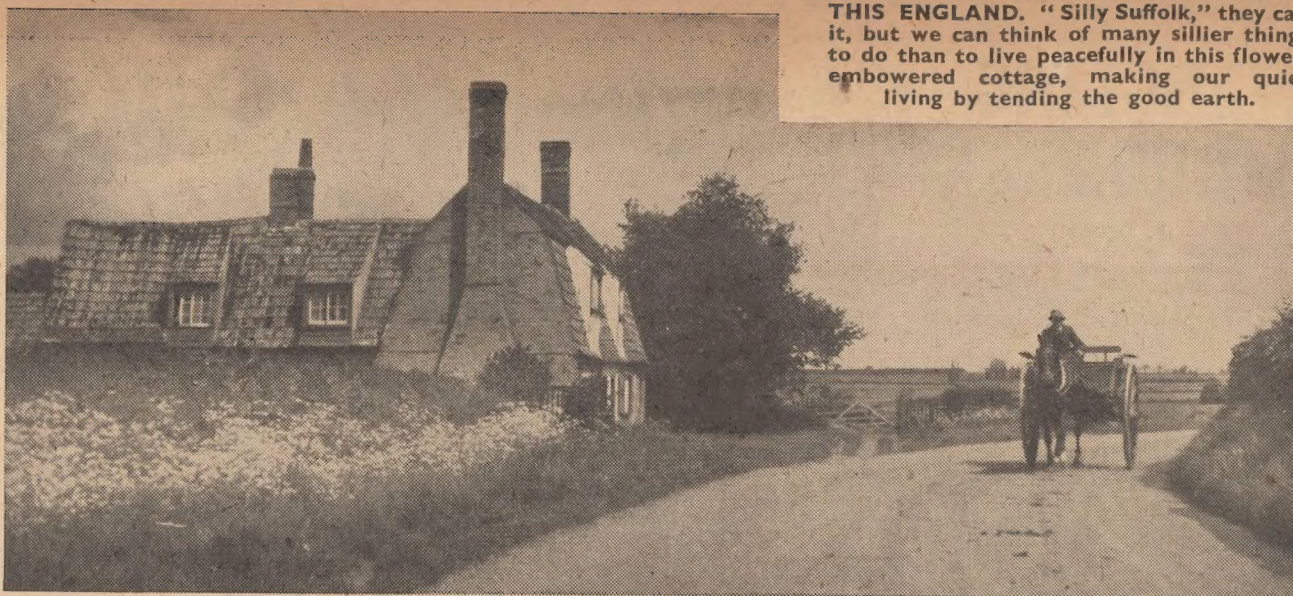
"All my coupons go on stockings, darling. I just haven't a thing to wear. I mean, literally, not a stitch!"

"DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE"—  
SHE PRESUMED!



From time to time (in fact it's going to be a daily, unless you can stop us!) we are going to print photographs of "world-wide pin-up girls." Every one is a souvenir from a foot-loose cameraman's scrapbook. Stick around, boys, and you may learn the origin of the "Black Bottom!"

The first one—in deference to a gallant Commander—is, naturally, a souvenir from Patagonia. These women of the Wapisano tribe are not really wild. The spears they carry are used for hunting fish—not husbands!



THIS ENGLAND. "Silly Suffolk," they call it, but we can think of many sillier things to do than to live peacefully in this flower-embowered cottage, making our quiet living by tending the good earth.

## SLAVE! PEEL ME A GRAPE

Just why Eleanor Parker, Warner's current temptress, should decide to decorate her lug-holes with bunches of grapes is a mystery we're too weary to solve. But as we haven't had a grape in years, we're diving right in "Boy—the nutcrackers!"



This is how Lindy reacted to the news that she was going to have her photograph taken, P.O. Derek Head. Then "Uncle" Wilson got to work



That man Wilson's certainly got a way with kiddies.



Why, Lindy's almost given up the idea of kicking the camera to pieces.



Now, she's busy qualifying for the title of the "perfect sitter."

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Every picture tells a story."

